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the one which still remains, and there is no reason to think there was any difference, was eight feet.

The chimney-like structure which tops the castle is tottering to its fall, as it seems to stand pinnacled upon a single stone, some of those which formed its basement on the tower having disappeared, but for what purpose it was intended I cannot tell: as there are no traces of fireplace, or funnel, it could not have been a chimney.

H.

### ARCHY CONWAY.

On a fine day, late in the lovely month of May, such a day as has been sung by poets, but which the temperature of our Emerald Isle does not often cheer us with, the roads of a certain parish, in a certain county and province of this gem of the ocean, were thronged by groups of people young and old, male and female, hurrying to one common centre—an annual fair held in a field, which was anxiously looked forward to for half the year, and by which the memoranda of the good wives were dated: ask one the age of her child—the answer will be, “so old agin the fair iv Kill;” and among the men it was, “wid the help iv goodness I’ll pay ye afther the fair iv Kill;” so that this fair was, as it were, a finger-post to the memories of the neighbourhood. Hither had the crowds been congregating since early dawn; some on one intent, some on another—but all agreeing in the desire of enjoying the pleasures of the fair.

“An’ any way, thanks be to goodness, its a fine day,” said an elderly female, in the centre of a group of others, who were trotting along barefooted, with petticoats tucked up, and shoes in hand.

“Sorra finer ever cum out iv the sky,” replied another; “an’ Onny acushla, d’ye mind fwhat a sore day it was this time twel’mouth: teems iv rain, tundher an’ lightning, an’ great big hard snow balls fallin’ thick, an’ all the sport spiled.”

“Nera loss that was, any way, Katty,” replied Onny, “only fur it the green id be runnin’ wid blood.”

“D’ye think they’ll strike era stroke the day,” asked another woman.

“Iv yeere in the fair afther dinner time, maybe ye’d see that,” said Onny.

“Fwhat news ye tell us,” retorted the other, “any way they’re ruffens iv both sides, an’ it’s well for them that has no call to the scrub.”

“Sorra great things yersel’ is,” cried Onny, “that ye speak in disparagement iv any body; there’s them iv both parties, though I don’t love or like one side, that’s the full iv a masther to any one ever ye had belongin’ t’ye, Biddy Moran.”

“I didn’t know, Onny, ye wor any thing to either party,” said a girl.

“Hooch!” that’s a wondher dear; was’nt my mother’s aunt’s husband’s cousin marrid to Tom Bruin’s aunt’s third cousin—fwwhy would’nt I be for the Bruins?—an’ any way, that they may win.”

“I b’lieve that gridge is long betune them,” said one.

“Nigh hand two score years,” replied Onny.

“An’ fwhat was it put betune them at first?” was another query.

“Sorra much, dear,” answered Onny; “a hen that was scrapin’ oats was kilt be a boy iv the Bruins. A woman iv the Fellins, who owned the hen, fell to beatin’ him; his mother cum to save him—the women boxed; iv coorse the men tuk their parts—an’ from that day to this there’s a gridge betune them.”\*

“No great things to make sich a rout about,” said a woman; “it’d be more fitter for them that day to be mindin’ their wheels, nor fightin’ an’ drawin’ sich a gridge betune the men.”

Honor, or Onny, as she was called—a woman of masculine figure and disposition, was on the point of justifying the persons of her own clan, who had been the aggressors in this feud, which was, as she affirmed, of near

forty years standing; but a party of young men overtaking them, a scene of bantering and coquetry ensued, which put the women in good humour: when the men passed on there was no further recrimination.

“Well, there’s nera cleaner boy in the four walls iv the world nor Archy Conway,” remarked Onny, “an’ always has the pleasant word for the girls.”

“D’ye think, Onny, he’ll be marret to Nancy Sweeny?” asked one.

“As lek as not,” was the reply.

“He’ll be for the Fellins, iv there’s strokes the day,” said a girl.

“Sorra a blow ever he’ll strik for them,” answered Onny; “isn’t his mother a friend iv Thady Bruin’s—oh, yis, indeed, fwhat a fool he is.”

They now drew near to the field in which the fair was held, and a general scene of dressing took place: shoes and stockings were put on—petticoats and gowns released from confinement—hair sleeked up and down—shawls, cloaks, and handkerchiefs heaped on each other before they could enter this scene of rustic amusement.

Archy Conway was the son of a widow—a fine-looking young man, who possessed an unbounded flow of spirits which, when among his companions, led him into sundry scimmages, as he termed them; in fact, when he was induced to drink more than usual, he was apt to be exceedingly frolicsome. He was foster-brother to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was much attached to him.

Archy’s mother, aware of his frailty, endeavoured to keep him as much as possible away from public places, and above all dreaded the annual fair of Kill; knowing all she could urge against his going there would not avail, she went to her foster-child, to request his interference, to keep, if possible, Archy from the fair. For this purpose, on the day previous to the fair, Archy was summoned to the residence of his master; having some idea of the cause, as it was by no means the first time this authority had been resorted to, he went rather unwillingly, and a shade of gloom darkened his handsome features, as he was ushered into the presence of his young master.

“Sit down, Archy,” said the gentleman, pointing to a chair—“I wish to speak with you.”

“Yis, Sir,” replied Archy, placing himself on the corner of a seat, and in rather a pettish way twirling his hat in one hand.

“Have you got your potatoes finished during this fine weather?” said the young master.

“Not all out, Sir. Shure, Masther Henery, they’re down since betune the two Mays—time enough to finish them yet.”

“I have frequently endeavoured to convince you, Archy, that your habit of procrastinating is extremely wrong.”

“Fwhat’s that, Masther Henery?”

“Putting off until to-morrow, what might better be done to-day.”

“I’ll not be passin’ two hours away, Sir; an’ sorra sup I’ll take, barrin’ one glass—won’t that do, Sir?”

“I had much rather you did not go at all. What business have you to transact there?”

“Ah then, Masther Henery, ye’re goin’ very tight on me entirely; but I promised to—” and, blushing deeply, Archy more vehemently twirled the hat, and sent it spinning to the other end of the apartment; after picking it up, he went on: “I promised to meet somebody there, Sir.”

Henry smiled while replying, “there would be no use in my saying, Archy, don’t go, as you are determined to disobey; but I will say, avoid bad company, and be home early.”

Archy promised to do all his master wished; joyfully made his bow, and was hastening off when called back, and enjoined, above all things, to beware of fighting. “It is probable,” continued Henry, “the Bruins may be defying their adversaries; I desire you will not take part with them.”

“Never dread, Sir.”

Archy lost no time in arraying himself in “all his best, and hurrying to the fair. The stipulated two hours soon

passed over, and he thought not of returning; after a further stay he thought it would be soon enough to be goin' till dinner time; sorra bit iv fun he seen yet.—Dinner time went by, and a couple of hours after Onny, with another female, were standing at the outside of a tent. She appeared, amid the babel of confusion that reigned within and without, to be hearkening to some conversation that was carried on in the tent; and to ascertain if she was right as to the speakers, with a piece of stick she perforated a hole in the slight covering sufficient to see through, and putting one eye to it, remained for some time in close espial; then silently touching her companion on the shoulder, motioned her to look through the aperture, and whispered,

"Now, Mary a hagar, if them leaves the tent afore I cum back, mind an' tell me fwhere they go to."

So saying, Onny set off at full speed, muttering as she went, "Maybe, Tim Casey, ye thought no one was listenin' to yer villany; but I'll be up t'ye an' yer faction. Oh, wirra! isn't it a wondher fwhere's Archy Conway; it can't be he went home." She rushed in and out of the tents like a person deranged, many saying as she drove by them, "that woman's early drunk."

In the mean while the object of her search was enjoying the society of the being he loved best on earth. The pretty Nancy Sweeny had long been admired by Archy, and admiration became love of the most ardent kind; and he had the delight of knowing that his passion was returned. But when did the course of true love run smoothly? The parents of Nancy had a match in contemplation, which they thought better; therefore Archy Conway's suit was discouraged by them. Nancy was to have a good fortune, both in money and cattle, consequently she was an object of interest to the youths of the neighbourhood. However, knowing his interest in the damsel's heart, he determined to carry off the prize if he could not obtain her on any other terms; and for the purpose of gaining her consent to this plan, he had drawn her apart from the crowd, and they were in earnest conversation at the reer of a large pedlar's standing, while Onny was in search of him. He had brought forward every argument the eloquence of love prompted, to induce her to run away with him, but in vain.

"Then ye don't care for me," he exclaimed in a tone of passion.

"Archy," replied she, "ye know well I care for ye above the world; an' that I'd thravel Ireland with a bag on my back along with ye."

"It's easy to talk," interrupted Conway, "but fwhy won't ye agree to cum with me, an' sorra bag ye need put on—I've plenty, thanks be to goodness."

"The Lord increase yer store," she answered: "now listen to me, Archy, avourneen—I'll never bring trouble on my father an' mother by goin' away wid any one; but iv they kill me for it, no man, barrin' yersel', will ever put a ring on my finger."

Before he could reply two young men joined them, and Nancy instantly walked away; almost at the same moment Onny arrived, her face flushed, and out of breath.

"Faix I thought the ground opened and swalled ye," she exclaimed in broken accents; "I'm afther killin' myself huntin' for ye through the fair."

She took him aside, and with vehement gestures told him something in a low tone. The effect was electric—his face became inflamed with passion, and, flourishing an oak stick over his head, he leaped up, exclaiming, "who dare say a word to a Bruin, and 'huzza for the Bruins,' responded the young men, also cutting the usual caper preparatory to a fight. They then rushed into the fair, sounding the alarm, and in an incredibly short time a number of persons joined them. An instantaneous attack was made on the tent, which soon exhibited but the bare poles without, and within the utmost confusion; Archy all the time calling,

"Come out, Tim Casey—come out ye villan—shew me the Fellin dar shew his head—the Bruins for ever!"

After the first surprise was over, Casey and his party lost no time in escaping, for it would have been madness to contend with the others, who were much more numerous. Archy's party then set out in procession through

the fair, leaping, flourishing hats and sticks, and yelling with might and main—

"Down with the Fellins—the Bruins for ever."

On their return in the same order, Archy was, ere he could ward it off, struck with violence by Tim Casey, who had collected a party; Conway soon recovered, and a general battle ensued, to the no small annoyance of the fair, in which the Bruins were victorious, driving their adversaries triumphantly out of the green.

By this time evening was far advanced, and Archy having remained so much longer at the fair than he had promised, set out on his return, but was induced by some companions to step into a shebeen-house on their way, and there they sat drinking a long time. Another party soon afterwards came in, among whom was Tim Casey. Archy rushed at, and would have struck him, did not the landlord and some others prevent him.

"I'll pay ye, ye villan," he exclaimed with fury, while the men were dragging him off, "ye struck me lek a coward."

"Didn't ye first, wid yer party, smash the tent; was I doin' any thing t'ye, only sittin' wid my friends," replied Casey.

"Yes, ye wor match-makin' for a girl that hates ye; I tell ye, Tim Casey, ye'll never put a ring on Billy Sweeny's daughter—never, never," roared Archy.

"That's more nor ye can tell," said Tim.

"I say it, an' I'll maintain it till death," cried Conway.

"Whisht, boys, whisht," interposed the landlord, "it's a great shame to hear sich an alligation betune decent boys."

"Dead or alive I'll be revenged iv ye, Tim Casey," said Archy.

The two rivals were separated, and Tim Casey left the house alone, and proceeded on his way home. Archy followed some time after.

On the day after the fair Archy Conway arose late; he walked into the fields, and throwing himself listlessly on a sunny bank, lay for a considerable time so immersed, not in thought, but in a want of thought, that he heard not a sound, until a smart tap on the shoulder with a switch, and the words—

"What Archy! are you asleep?" aroused him; and starting up with a countenance crimsoned over, he replied, not well knowing what to say,

"Ye freckoned me, Masther Henery."

"I believe so," was the young gentleman's answer; "but how comes it, Archy, you are not at work this fine day."

"I—I—I—I'm not very well, Sir; there's a pain in my head," stammered Archy.

"I thought you were not to have drank more than one glass yesterday, and to return in two hours."

With a little more confidence, Archy replied, "Shure, Masther Henery its not so asy for a body to get out iv a fair as to go into it; so many friends meets one every minit, an' it's onpossible not to drink a little wid them, and that ye know well, Sir."

"I hear there was an engagement between the factions yesterday—I suppose you took a part."

"Sorra haporth there was, Sir, barrin' a bit iv a scrimmage, nothin' worth relatin'."

"But trifling as it was you were a participator."

"Nera much part I had in it, Sir, only you know I couldn't see my frinds—"

His further comments were cut short by the arrival of two policemen; they touched their caps to Mr. Henery, and laying hold on Archy, arrested him on a charge of murder.

"There must be some mistake," said Henry, after a moment's silent surprise.

"None, Sir," replied one of the police respectfully; if you will take the trouble of walking about a mile with us you will meet your father and the jury, when all can be explained to you."

On coming to the place mentioned by the police, they found a great concourse: the coroner, with such a jury as he could muster, and around them men, women, and children; some talking, some standing, with uplifted hands, and some bitterly weeping. The crowd made way

for Henry, who went up to his father, asking what all this meant.

"It is, indeed, a dreadful business, my dear," replied the Coroner. "A man was this morning found barbarously murdered, and suspicion, nay more, strong circumstances tend to criminate Archy Conway."

By the time Henry had arrived, the witnesses were examined, and the jury had given in their verdict of wilful murder against Archy. The amazed young man was led within the circle where the murdered remains lay, the face was so dreadfully beaten in by stones that it was impossible to identify it, except by the clothes, which were positively sworn to. A woman was seated on the ground, with the head of the corpse in her lap, who, when she saw Archy, screaming and clapping her hands, exclaimed,

"Look at yer work, ye murderin' ruffen—look at my fine boy there that ye kilt, an' he'll never spake to me. Och, Tim Casey, avourneen machree, did yer poor ould mother ever think to see the day ye'd be stretched a disfigured corp; och hone, och hone, fwhat'll I do at all."

The surprise of being immediately brought in contact with a dead body—the screams and words of the afflicted woman, and the charge against himself affected Archy powerfully; he frequently changed colour, and gasped for breath; he once or twice attempted to speak, but his voice was mute, emotion overpowered him.

"Unfortunate young man," said the coroner, "behold the fatal effects of faction, of passion, and drunkenness."

"I wasn't drunk, Sir—I never kilt him nor no other one," sobbed Archy.

The coroner then recapitulated the evidence that had been given, to which Archy replied, "I never kilt him, Sir."

"What became of the deceased after he left the house, and that you followed?" asked the coroner.

"A then fwhat would I know, Sir—shure I didn't see him good or bad," was the reply.

"Very well—I don't ask you to say any thing that might criminate yourself," said the coroner, and then directed the prisoner to be removed to the magistrate's.

"An' am I to go to jail for fwhat I never dun, nor even cum into my mind. Oh, wirra, wirra, but that's a poor law. Och, Masther Henery, dear, speak to yer father not to kill me this away," and the poor young man wept bitterly, wringing his hands in the agony of despair.

Henry, also much affected, took Archy's hand, and tried to comfort him; explaining that his father could not act otherwise, and he accompanied him to the house of the magistrate, and waited until Archy, more dead than alive, was taken off to prison.

His friends were not prevented seeing him on the appointed days. On one of the days that Henry came to the prison he was accompanied by a female, closely muffled, who Archy conceived to be his mother; and when Henry left them together, saying he would soon return, Archy began—

"Mother, dear, ye oughtn't to be comin' so often this long road; it'll wear ye out entirely."

The female spoke not, but uncovering her head, Archy gave a cry of joy, for it was Nancy Sweeny who stood before him, blushing deeply at her own temerity. Long and fervent was the embrace with which he folded her in his arms; and only in broken accents could he give utterance to his rapture: tears alike of delight and shame chained his tongue.

"I never thought, asthore machree,\* ye'd see me in this place," he murmured, pressing her more closely to his breast.

"The will iv God be dun," she replied, gently disengaging herself, "the will iv God be dun. Archy, abashki,† I don't b'leeve ye ever dun any harm; ye're the same to me as ever; it can't be the judge 'll heed fwhat they say agin ye."

"Never dread, Nancy; there's no law in the world to hang the innocent; an', God know's, I'm as innocent as the child that's not born."

"I b'leeve ye Archy; I never misdoubted a word ye said yet; but och, och, every one won't be so;" and she

took up the corner of her apron to dry the tears that were dimming the lustre of her eyes.

"Nancy," he said, while a deep shade of sadness clouded his brow, "Nancy, iv they hang me," and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame, "iv they hang me, don't grieve, avourneen; forget Archy Conway, that loves ye above the world, aye an' thinks iv ye (God forgive me!) more nor iv heaven; forget me asthore, an be—" he could not utter 'happy,' but, bursting into a passion of tears, sobbed long and loudly. Nancy, though suffering as much agitation, endeavoured to comfort him, and gave him the most solemn protestations of never-ceasing affection. But for a length of time she spoke to the winds; at last she threw herself on her knees at his feet, saying,

"Hear me, Archy—iv I didn't think more iv ye than all the world, would I come here, unknownst to father or mother—an' now I declare I'll never be the wife iv any man iv I'm not Archy Conway's."

Archy raised her up, but the entrance of Henry put a period to the interview.

The awful day of trial at last came round, and Archy's friends hurried to the court-house with a feverish impatience, though there was not a human probability of his acquittal. Henry stood by the dock, and occasionally the poor prisoner's hand was locked in his. When Archy was called on to plead, he answered with a tolerably steady voice, 'not guilty, my Lord, not guilty—och, God forbid.' But the evidence was most circumstantial; judge, counsel, and jury seemed of the unanimous opinion that a verdict of guilty must be the result.

During the latter part of the trial a slight bustle was heard in court, which the police soon quelled; one of whom put a paper into Henry's hand. When the case on the part of the crown closed, the prisoner, as a matter of course, (for he was generally deemed guilty), was called on for his defence. Henry then whispered something to him; he seemed confounded; the blood rushed suddenly to his face, and as suddenly retreated. Henry again said, 'speak;' and, to the amazement of all, he called loudly, 'Tim Casey;' the man for whose supposed murder he was on trial. To the increased wonder of the hushed spectators, Tim Casey, alive and well, came forward.

When the universal exclamation of surprise and pleasure (for Archy was greatly commiserated) had subsided, Tim Casey proceeded to solve the enigma.

On leaving the public-house the night of the fair, he was warned that the police were in search of him, for some whiteboy offence; he therefore fled without acquainting any of his family; and the man who had been murdered, being dressed exactly as he was on that day, was easily mistaken for him by his family; as, in consequence of the face being disfigured, he was identified merely by his dress.

The case thus made plain, proved the prisoner innocent. The judge told the jury it were needless to charge them. A verdict of not guilty was handed down, and Archy restored to his expecting friends, among whom none experienced more real pleasure and gratitude to the all wise disposer of events than Henry.

The appearance of Tim Casey at this critical moment remains to be briefly accounted for. Onny, in some of her gossipings, got a hint of the matter from a person who had seen Casey in a distant county, but not clear enough to warrant its being made public. She informed Nancy Sweeny, and they both set out in search of him; after many disappointments they were at length successful, and Tim Casey nobly consented to accompany them, careless of consequences, for the purpose of justifying his rival, and they only arrived in the court-house a few moments before the trial ended.

This escape was a useful warning to Archy Conway—he gave up idle meetings and faction quarrels—married Nancy Sweeny, and became industrious and respected by all his neighbours. W.

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\* Beloved of my heart.

† A term of endearment